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immediate protection of some patron. Folio volumes testify the numberless miracles performed by our Lady of Montserrat, and every subordinate shrine is loaded with votive tablets. Were this persuasion of the kindness and power of departed Saints, productive only of gratitude and hope, it were cruelty to rob them of their treasure; but, unhappily, it has been the parent of presumption, and among the merchants, has brought many wealthy families to want. The companies of insurance in the last war, having each of them its favourite Saint, such as San Ramon de Penaforte, la Virgen de la Merced, and others, associated in form by the articles of partnership, and named in every po-

licy of insurance, and having, with the most scrupulous exactness, allotted to them their correspondent dividend, the same as to any other partner, they concluded, that with such powerful associates, it was not possible for them to suffer loss. Under this persuasion, they ventured, about the year 1779, to insure the French West Indiamen, at fifty per cent., when the English and Dutch had refused to do it at any premium, and indeed when most of the ships were already in the English ports. By this fatal stroke, all the Insuring Companies, except two, were ruined; yet, notwithstanding their misfortune, this superstition remains in force.

[*Townsend's Journey through Spain.*]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

INDEPENDENCE.

THEE, INDEPENDENCE, sov'reign boon
of Heav'n,
To mortals giv'n to glad the dreary wilds,
And joyless wastes, where mis'r'y seems to
reign;
'Thee would I sing! in rude incondite lays.
Yet, whilst my muse th' arduous quarry
scans,
My heart throbs wildly at the bold design,
And back recoils from the advent'rous
task,
Seeking some humbler theme. Thee! I
invoke.

When first excursive from their native
tribes,
Men sought the distant tangled forest's
maze,
To find some sylvan, some secure retreat,
Where human sounds the echoes never
woke;
Where nature fructifies the lonely scene,
And smiling plenty crowns the luscious
board:

'Twas thine own ardour fir'd the bold em-
prise,

And taught the savage tongue, in accents
bland,
In choral hymns of gratitude to Thee,
To boast thy length'n'd, thy auspicious
care,
To guarantee their offspring, to expand
The gen'rous mind, that thy ethereal flame
Might glow in ev'ry heart, howe'er re-
mote,
And be the grand intendant of their race.

'Twas thine to teach the scientific mind;
To humanize the manners; to call forth
The latent springs of action; to unfold
The omnifarious arts of genial peace,
To yoke the team, upturn the gen'rou
glebe,
Where sprightly Hope, with softest April-
smiles,
Leads th' Autumnal goddess by the hand,
Follow'd by Hebe, and the rural train
Of smiling graces, and luxuriant loves.

When first fair Commerce spread the
swelling sail,
And fearless mariners advent'rous plough'd

The foamy wave; till then, ne'er plough'd
before,
Save by the green-hair'd sisters of the deep:
'Twas thine to stimulate the bold design,
Which fir'd Don Henry's, or de Gamas'
breast;
And by the shrill-ton'd trump of lasting
fame
T'endear BRITANNIA'S HEROES to the
world.

Thou dost attempt the dread tyrant's
rage,
And fire the zealous patriotic mind
Nobly indignant at his country's wrongs;
'To wrest the sceptre from the recreant
hand,
To clear th' obstructive mists, and bless
the sight
With cheering views of LIBERTY, and
Thee.

In such a cause, great Cato rather chose
To ope a passage for his free-born soul,
And saturate Numidia's thirsty soil
With his own blood, than be that change-
ful thing,

The base, degenerate minion of a court:
Or, as the gallant Switzer, William Tell!
Or, the intrepid Wallace, Scotia's pride!
Who made their nation's weal their only
care,

The source of all their hopes, their pride!
the end

For which they labour'd, suffer'd, con-
quer'd, bled!

If by insatiable ambition led,
Incursive hordes should pour their num-
rous hosts,

To cut new channels for the prosp'rous
floods

Of patient industry, and genial peace:
Thou lead'st the phalanx of firm heroes
forth,

Who bravely conquer, or who greatly
fall!

Such was Leonidas! thy faithful hand
To death devoted: whilst amongst them
reign'd

A noble emulation, which should lead
The greatest number of the Persian ghosts
Reluctant to the gloomy Stygian shores.

Such the late Russian triumphs o'er the
hosts

Of hostile France, exulting in her strength,
Her untam'd warriors, and her far-fam'd
chief,

Unus'd to the repulses of a foe,

Who, to their leaders, and *themselves* were
true.

But most of all! thou didst benignly
smile,

When Reformation from monastic gloom,
With rays divergent, and with radiance
mild,

Pour'd out the mental day on the rapt
sight

Of Britain's changeful King; effusing bliss
From ills contrariant; whilst religion pure,
And unincumber'd with the tawdry garb
Of fancy's fitful tissue; stood confess'd
In all her innate, her ethereal charms.

Let not the sordid soul, whose pale fires
Are kindled at the ignis-fatuus fane
Of frigid, gripping av'rice, boast that thou
Enthroned sittest in his votive heart,
Chief of the mcagre train! for surely he
Is the most abject, ignominious slave,
Withing beneath a load of wretchedness;
Not for the term perhaps of a few years,
But all his anxious days, and weary nights,
A monument of slav'ry unconfin'd!

Altho' no altars ever blaz'd to thee,
No garish temples ever bore thy name,
Like to the white-rob'd, scepter'd, moun-
tain nymph,

Thy lineal descendant, LIBERTY!
Alone *she* claimeth the corporeal part!

Yet in the heart *thou* art pre-eminent.

Ev'n the stern Despot may be more a
slave,

To grov'ling passions, and to low desires;
To hateful flatt'ries, and ignoble fears,
Than the poor wretch doom'd to the gal-
ling yoke,

By cheerful *Hope* supported, and by *Thee*.
Thou art the essence of equality!

Who teachest men to look beyond the glare
Of pageant fortune, and of low-soul'd
pride;

Placing the grand criterion in the heart
Which will ennoble, or embrate the man.

And, O! celestial goddess, tho' my lot
Be humble, and my name unknown; de-
scend

And dwell with me, till blank oblivion
Sheds her pale poppies o'er my peaceful
grave:

But thou shalt live, ev'n when my rude
essay

To celebrate thy virtues, is forgot!

But thou shalt live, till time itself shall
fail!

Confessedly dependent, but on HIM
Who gave, and who maintains old Nature's
laws.

Ballymena.

—S.—

SELECTED POETRY.

LINES ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF MR.
FOX; AT THE COMMEMORATION
OF THE ANNIVERSARY IN GLAS-
GOW.

SCOTS, who fir'd by Freedom's flame,
Scots, whom Tyrants ne'er shall tame,
Celebrate the deathless name,
So dear to Liberty!

This natal day, this social hour,
The "Joy of Grief" shall grateful pour
Of smiling tears a sacred show'r,
T' embalm his memory.

By the Negroes' broken chain,
That Christian spot of deepest grain,
That Pitt condemned—but let remain,
'Twas Fox that set them free.

Who would preach, then blast reform,
And prostitute Religion's form
To raise Dissention direful storm,
A traitor knave is he.

Who, for Liberty and Peace,
With eloquence of ancient Greece,
Bade bigot's howl, and war-cry cease,
For ever blest be he.

Shall IRELAND still, for England's law,
A sword outlaw'd and thankless draw?
What IRELAND suffers, Scotland saw
Before her faith was free.

We sing the fight where WALLACE led,
And boast the field the Invader fled,
T' our children point the warriors bed
On gory Bannockburn.

But there is yet a nobler cause,
When patriots strive for equal laws!
Our silent tears (our best applause!)
We shed on Fox's urn!

THE EXILE.

[From the *Liverpool Mercury*.]

ADIEU to the land, once of freedom and
health!
Worth, genius, and beauty, adieu!
The minions of power, and corruptions of
wealth,
Now drive me for ever from you.

I must go where convulsions unpillar the
earth,
And pestilent vapours prevail;
Where the sun-beams from Heaven to dis-
eases give birth,
And death spreads his breath in the gale.

But rather to these would I willingly go,
And yield myself up as their prey,
Than suffer the feelings of anguish and
woe,
That would rise from my country's decay.

Against the harsh despot I struggle in vain,
For Liberty's friends were too few:—
Farewell, smiling vallies! farewell, native
plain!
My home and my country, adieu.

DISCOVERIES AND IMPROVEMENTS IN ARTS, MANUFACTURES,
AND AGRICULTURE.

Specification of the Patent granted to Robert Dickinson, of Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields, in the County of Middlesex. Esq. and Henry Maudslay, in the Parish of St. Mary Lambeth, in the County of Surrey, Engineer, for a Process for sweetening Water and other Liquids, and applicable to other Purposes.

THE process consists simply in forcing a stream or streams of air through the foul or tainted water intended to be rendered sweet, and this our process is particularly applicable to the purifying of water on board ship, which has become tainted and stinking in the water casks. Having mentioned the nature of our pro-